

CUPID SCOFFED AT A SENATOR'S "NO."
Miss Fairbanks Defied Her Father for Her Lover's Sake.

WEDDED IN GREAT HASTE.
The Stern Parent Was on His Way to Indianapolis to Send Her Off to the East.

SURPRISE TO HER FRIENDS.
Not One Was Present, the Pastor of Another Church Officiated, and Now the Young People Await the Paternal Blessing.

Indianapolis, Aug. 13.—Miss Adelaide Fairbanks, the only daughter of United States Senator Fairbanks, has defied her father and surprised even her most intimate friends by to-day becoming the wife of Dr. Horace R. Allen, Jr. The wedding was a most quiet one, none of the many friends of the couple was present, and the pastor of another church had been called in to perform the ceremony.

The young people had long been lovers, but Senator Fairbanks was bitterly opposed to his daughter's marriage, and resisted all appeals for his consent. Just what these objections are based on is not known or even hinted at by the friends of the parties. Mrs. Fairbanks, while not so positive in her objections, shared the sentiments of her husband, but it is said would have waived her objections and given her consent at any time that he might have released.

The Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks went to Washington a few days ago, but are on their way home, having arranged for Miss Adelaide to go East this afternoon for a protracted visit. The lovers believed that this visit was contemplated partially as a means of separating them, and, despairing of getting the parental blessing, the couple determined to marry and take the risk of getting it afterward. The arrangements were so made that even the family servants at the Fairbanks mansion on Park avenue were not aware that anything unusual was contemplated by their young mistress till she returned to the house this evening as Mrs. Allen.

The Senator Was Away.
Rev. Frank O. Ballard, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, was eating his lunch to-day, when Augustine Boyce, a neighbor of Dr. Allen, informed him that Dr. Allen and Miss Adelaide Fairbanks had secured a license from the County Clerk and wished him to perform the ceremony. The minister, knowing the two families well, expressed some surprise that he should be called upon to officiate on such an occasion and asked for particulars.

He was told that the parties to the proposed contract were of legal age, that they had long loved each other, and that, though Senator Fairbanks was out of the city, they had determined to take advantage of the present moment to carry out their long-cherished wishes. The minister was assured that there were no legal obstacles in the way of their union, and he was excited — a personal friend of his visitor to waive all objections because the parties did not belong to his flock, and consent to make them happy.

Signs of Great Haste.
Mr. Ballard, after a moment's reflection, consented to perform the ceremony, and accompanied Mr. Boyce to the residence of the latter, where the marriage was solemnized. There was no ostentation, and there were many evidences that the determination to marry at this time had been reached hastily. The bride was dressed in plain silk and wore no ornaments except her engagement ring. The groom was attired in a plain business suit. After the ceremony Mrs. Boyce entertained the newly married couple at luncheon.

Dr. Allen is a graduate of Yale, and one of the standard medical colleges of New York. He is about thirty years old, and recently succeeded his father in the ownership of the National Surgical Instrument Company, of this city.

A HINT FOR SLENDER WOMEN.
Will Improve 'Em Immensely.
—American Woman's Home Journal.
—To-morrow.

BIKE ACCIDENTS TO FOUR.
Mrs. Mary Moore and Mrs. Washington Cockie Were Seriously Injured.

A series of bicycle accidents happened in the towns along the Sound yesterday. While Mrs. Mary C. Moore, of this city, and Miss Annie Pannelle, of Brooklyn, were riding on the White Plains road, near Mount Vernon, the former lost control of her wheel and she was hurled into a ditch. They were riding very rapidly toward Bronx Park. Mrs. Moore was unconscious for several hours. She was taken home in a carriage.

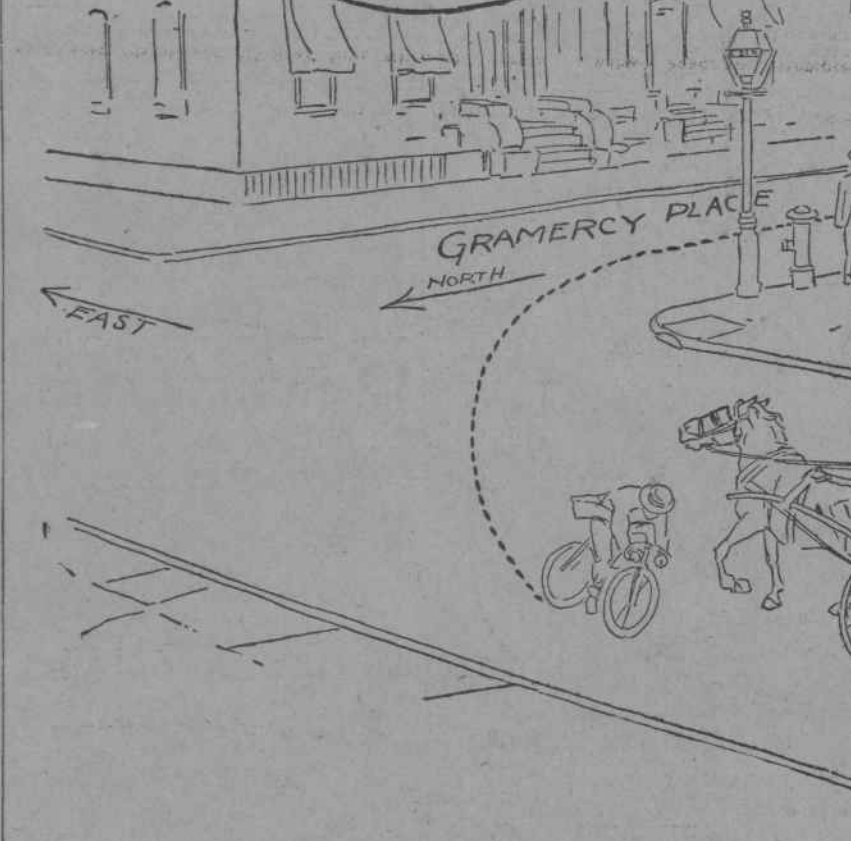
George Bridges, of Stamford, while scorching along the Boston post road between New Rochelle and Larchmont, ran against a manhole and was thrown. His nose was broken and a deep gash was cut on his head. While Bridges was wiping the blood from his face a coach came along and ran into the wrecked wheel. He also received a bad fall and his wheel was ruined. Bridges says he will sue the New Rochelle township for \$10,000 damages.

Mrs. Washington Cockie, a wealthy resident of Pelham Manor, was learning to ride, when she ran into Charles Pond. Her left knee and left thighbone were fractured and she was internally injured.

ALTAR BOY KILLED A CYCLING.
Young Willie McKeon "Wobbled" and Fell Under an Ice Wagon Driven by a Twelve-Year-Old Lad.

While learning yesterday to ride his new bicycle, Willie McKeon, a seventeen-year-old altar boy in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, was killed by an ice wagon which a twelve-year-old lad was driving.

first street. He must have seen the ice wagon, because it was directly across the corner of the park from him. He could have easily turned to the right and gone down Twenty-first street, avoiding the wagon; but instead he went to the left.



How Willie McKeon, Altar Boy, Was Killed.

A broken rib pierced his heart, and when a hospital physician arrived the lad was dead.

The accident occurred in sight of residents of Gramercy Park. There are asphalt streets all around the green, and young McKeon and his chum, Johnny Heaney, went there yesterday morning to try McKeon's new wheel. Young McKeon was popular in the neighborhood of No. 511 East Thirteenth street, his father's home, and in the parochial school of the Immaculate Conception, which he has attended since childhood. Before he had a wheel of his own he rode the bicycles of his companions, and while not an adept at cycling, he was regarded as able to take care of himself.

When he and young Heaney went to Gramercy Park there were a few teams on the street and they had an hour's uninterrupted practice. They circled around the Park yesterday and McKeon began to have confidence.

He sprang at times over the asphalt, but just before the accident all witnesses agree he was riding at a moderate rate. The ice wagon belonged to Dennis Guiner, of No. 508 East Thirty-ninth street. He was delivering the ice, while his twelve-year-old boy drove the single horse. A delivery was made at Lexington avenue and East Twenty-first street, and then Guiner climbed upon the step at the rear of the wagon and called to the boy to drive along. The horse was turned to the middle of the street, and the grade forced the ice wagon into Twenty-first street.

When the ice wagon was within forty feet of Gramercy Park West, young McKeon was just ready to round the corner from Gramercy Park West into Twenty-

SEARCH LIGHTS SEEK A SWIMMER.
Coney Island All Excitement Over a Missing Life Guard.

HE LEFT FOR SANDY HOOK.

At Midnight No Word Had Been Received from Him or His Companions.

Coney Island was in a great state of excitement last night, and it takes more than an ordinary event to arouse your Coney Islander. The search lights on the Ferris wheel and the steplike race course flashed their rays out to sea half the night in an attempt to find some trace of Captain Davis Dalton. He left the island yesterday morning with the avowed intention of swimming to Sandy Hook, a distance of fourteen miles as the crow flies.

Up to midnight nothing had been seen or heard of the plucky swimmer or the two men who accompanied him in a lifeboat. Piers were entertained that they had either all been drowned or carried out to sea. Dalton has been employed all Summer as a life saver at a bathing pavilion. Several times during the past few weeks he has declared his intention to swim to Hook before the season closed. He claimed that several years ago he had successfully floated across the English Channel. In support of that claim he produced clippings from several English newspapers.

Dalton made arrangements to attempt the feat yesterday. Fred Peters and Walter Arnold agreed to accompany him in a lifeboat. They prepared to make an early start, and at 8:30 o'clock they commenced the journey, with a strong ebb tide. Peters and Arnold are both expert swimmers, and as they expected to reach Sandy Hook in a few hours, they only carried six ham sandwiches, a flask of whiskey, a flask of gin and two bottles of water.

The three men were attired in bathing suits. A party assembled in the observatory and watched the swimmer and the two boatmen until they disappeared from sight. Dalton had counted on the tide carrying him out four miles and expected to fight the sea the remainder of the distance. He promised his friends that he would send them a message as soon as he reached the Hook. The last seen of him by the watchers on shore he was about two miles to



Swimmer in the Water.

the southeast of the boat.

As the afternoon wore on and no word came from Dalton or his friends, the Coney Islanders became alarmed, and as soon as darkness settled the two search lights were brought into play, and for miles around the ocean was swept. About 10 o'clock the observers noticed a white boat, answering the description of the one taken by the two life savers. Several of the life guards rowed out to it, but when they returned they reported that the boat contained two fishermen, and that they had seen nothing of the Dalton party.

The big Ferris wheel was kept illuminated all night in hopes that it would serve as a beacon to the missing men in case they were still on the water. The more hopeful expressed confidence that if the party had failed to reach Sandy Hook they had been picked up by some passing vessel.

ANYTHING TO SELL?
No matter what it is, a "want" in to-morrow's "Want" Supplement will bring a buyer Monday. 16 words—30 cents.

To the Cycling Public:
Report any accident to a cyclist resulting from the recklessness or maliciousness of a driver to
THOMAS GARRETT FENNELL,
The Journal's Bicycle Attorney,
Room 70, Tribune Building,
N. B.—Bring names and addresses of eye witnesses.

Mr. Guiner, who is forty-five years old, strong and of a kindly nature, was nearly heartbroken over the accident. He said, however, that no one could have stopped the ice wagon in time to prevent the killing. All witnesses held him blameless.

HURT BY SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW.
John Perry, Short Stop of the Orange Athletic Club, Struck by the Ball, and Is Now Unconscious in a Hospital.

The celebrated "solar plexus" blow has made its debut in police circles. For the first time in the history of the department the scientific description of the blow that retired James J. Corbett stands on a hospital slip upon which are described the injuries which sent John Perry, of Orange, N. J., to the City Hospital. The slip reads:

John Perry, thirty-two years old; suffering from a blow on the solar plexus inflicted by a baseball; removed to the City Hospital and may die.

The latter part of the ticket is entirely likely to be carried out. Perry was in a serious condition last night. He has been unconscious for nearly forty-eight hours, and unless the surgeons can still the spasms which overcome him and succeed in producing a healthy heart action, they think Perry will hardly last through today.

Perry is a resident of Orange, and a member of the Orange County Athletic Club. He was an enthusiastic player of baseball, and was considered one of the best men on the club's team. He has played in every game this year, generally at shortstop.

The Orange team was scheduled to play the Grand Villa team on the grounds of the latter on Thursday. Perry, as usual, accompanied the team, and for four innings held his place at shortstop. In the beginning of the fifth inning one of the

Grand Villa batsmen sent a terrific liner straight at Perry. The sun was full in the shortstop's eyes and he badly misjudged the ball. Instead of landing in his hands it shot in between his wrists and expended all its force on the place which small boys are apt to describe as "his wind."

Surgeons describe it as the solar plexus. Perry went down and "out" as thoroughly as if he had been hit by a bullet. Nearly every man on the field saw the exact nature of the accident, but it was not believed to be serious, and the crowd only laughed at Perry's agonized contortions. The usual football methods were resorted to to restore him to his lost breath, but as they failed Perry was removed from the field to the dressing-room and a doctor, who was present at the game, attended him.

In about half an hour Perry was apparently himself and wanted to return to the game. This was forbidden by the doctor, and he went to the bench. When the other players started for home Perry walked with them, conversing as usual.

When he reached the Pennsylvania ferry the injured player complained of pain. In a few minutes he fell unconscious, and nothing done by the frightened players seemed to revive him. His condition was so serious that when the boat reached the shore an ambulance from the Jersey City Hospital was called.

Perry was taken to the hospital, and the doctors went to work on him. They said that the man's whole nervous system had been disordered by the blow, and his recovery was doubtful. Perry's friends have been summoned to his bedside.

NO FREE COINAGE YET.
The Director of the Mint Discredits the Scheme to Force Forty Tons of Silver Upon the Government.

Washington, Aug. 13.—The Journal of the Knights of Labor, published to-day, editorially indorses the project started by the Silver Dollar League to purchase forty tons of silver with a view to forcing the Mint Superintendents to accept it for coinage. The league contends that the law of 1878 re-enacts the free coinage law of 1857, although a careful reading of the act of 1878 shows that the words "As provided for in the act of 1857" refer only to the standard fineness and weight of the coin. Director of the Mint Preston, on examining the editorial, said:

"Section 1 of the act of 1878, upon which the Silver Dollar League rely to sustain



Boy Who Drove The Ice Wagon.

their contention, is misquoted and misinterpreted by them.

"The act of 1878 says 'that there shall be coined at the several mints of the United States silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains Troy of standard silver, as provided in the act of January 18, 1857.'"

"This means that the weight and standard of the dollars shall be as provided in the act of 1857, and not that bullion shall be coined for the benefit of the depositor as provided in the act of 1857."

DOUBLE "HOODOO'S" WORK.
Friday, the Thirteenth, Saw a Scorching Skull Fractured and a Trolley Car Upset in One Town.

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 13.—Friday and the 13th of the month was a particularly unlucky combination here to-day. At the fair grounds, just at the conclusion of the races, and while a large number of men and women were still looking at the track, the trotter Virginia Fox came around the turn into the homestretch, striking a scorching wheelman named Louis Sinisbaugh. The young man tumbled from his wheel, and as he rolled under the trotter, his hind foot caught him on the head, fracturing his skull and crushing his collarbone. He is in a precarious condition to-day.

Soon after this accident an open trolley car, carrying ten men, nine women and two children, jumped from the tracks while running at fast speed about a mile east of Midway Park. It ran down a bank, pitching the passengers into a brook. Mrs. George Sinisbaugh and Mrs. Joseph Colman of Goshen, were the chief sufferers, and they escaped with contusions and scratches. Motorman Mold was thrown over his front board and badly bruised, while the conductor was sent through a car window.

CLERK TIBBETTS REBUKED.
He Refused to Embody a Very Material Fact in a Complaint Against a Certain Prisoner.

Policeman James M. Harris, of the West Sixty-eighth Street Station, on Thursday night arrested George M. Alexander, eighteen years old, of No. 28 West One Hundred and Fifteenth street, because he refused to move on when told to. Alexander resisted arrest. Yesterday morning Harris refused to sign the complaint in the case when it had been drawn up by Chief Clerk Tibbetts in the Yorkville Police Court. His reason for refusing to sign was that the document did not contain a statement that Alexander had resisted arrest.

Tibbetts sent for Sergeant Sheldon, in command of the court squad, and told him that Harris would not sign. Harris explained to the Sergeant that he said so. "You are right, Harris. Don't sign unless the affidavit is made out right. While then Tibbetts went to Magistrate Wentworth and whispered. The Magistrate responded audibly: 'I think he's right.'"

The result was that a new complaint affidavit was drawn embodying the charge of resistance to arrest.

Harris asserts that Tibbetts has a grudge against him because he once arrested a friend of his.

CRANKS WOULD FREE MRS. THORN.
Letter Writers Cast Doubts on the Identity of Guldensuppe.

OR IS THERE SOME PLOT?

Belief That an Attempt Is Being Made to Discredit the Case of the Prosecution.

LAWYER FRIEND IS BESIEGED.

Every Mail Brings Anonymous Communications and Every Day a Few Cranks to Counsel Him.

The large number of letters, mostly anonymous, that have been received by various public officials of late, casting doubts on the identification of Guldensuppe's body, would indicate that either cranks and practical jokers are busily at work, or that some one is trying to belittle the case of the prosecution.

Since the identity of Guldensuppe's body became established many men and women have called at the Morgue in the belief that the body was not really that of the bathhouse rubber, but of some near relative of theirs. In every case, however, it has been easy to prove that the callers were mistaken. An investigation by the Journal a short time ago showed that an industrious tinker of sensational yarns was responsible for many of the spurious identifications.

More recently still there has been a flood of correspondence with the same end in view. Friend, Howe & Grossman, who represent Mrs. Mack and Howe & Hummel, who are counsel for Thorn, have received a great mass of this stuff, but as it has been mostly anonymous and full of nonsense it, as a rule, has been tossed into the waste basket.

Letter from a Virginian.
Howe & Hummel, however, on August 9 received a signed letter to which they gave some attention. It purported to be written by Edward S. King, of Norfolk, Va. He claimed he could establish the identity of the dead man as William S. Edwards, a photographer of Emporia, Va. Edwards, the writer said, had a felon on the forefinger of his left hand, which caused a peculiar growth of the finger nail. King was to send immediately for cranks and workmen, and they were to witness who would prove beyond a doubt that the headless body was not Guldensuppe's, but Edwards's. He never turned up.

Coroner Tuttle, on August 12, got a letter signed "Mrs. Merrifield, No. 126 East One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street. The writer stated that Guldensuppe was alive; that he was working under the name of Morris Irving in a barber shop in that same street, and that the writer had seen him passing her house. This story was investigated and proved to be entirely groundless.

Then came the letter to Coroner Hoerber, informing him that Guldensuppe was not dead. It was this missive that led to the dispute between Lawyer Friend and the Little Coroner in the Criminal Court building the other day.

Has No Faith in Them.
"I attach not the slightest importance to these anonymous letters," said Lawyer Friend yesterday. "We've got at least fifty since we were employed to defend Mrs. Mack. They have come from both men and women, some signed, but most of them anonymous. I believe these letters are the work of cranks or workmen. These cases always stir up the cranks."

"Only the other day a woman called at my house. She said she had a most important letter for me. Mr. Friend told her that I was not at home and asked her if she could not leave the letter. No, the caller could not think of that. Mrs. Friend then offered to send the letter to me by a special messenger. This did not suit the woman. Later on she called at my office and was persuaded finally to leave the letter with one of the clerks. I got it as soon as I came in. It was a long discourse on olefin and wound up by telling how a certain kind grey on cranks."

"As for the letters Dr. Hoerber is getting, I believe they are from practical jokers."

Dog Feels a Burglar.
A burglar forced an entrance into C. H. Kniffen's manor residence at Rye-on-the-Sound early yesterday morning. He opened the dining room door, and as he did so Mr. Kniffen's mastiff, which he allows to sleep in the hall, sprang at him with a snarl. The burglar ran toward the pantry, slamming the door behind him. The dog had found another entrance to the room, and just as the housebreaker was leaping through an open window the dog seized him by the trousers and held on until the intruder managed to wiggle loose, minus a part of his apparel. In the meantime the barking of the dog had aroused the household. Nothing was stolen.

Holmes Agnew in Bellevue.
Holmes Agnew, who has been arrested any number of times, was in the Jefferson Market Court again yesterday morning. He was arrested on Thursday night at Broadway and Fifteenth street for begging and intoxication. Magistrate Denel dis charged him on the complaint, but held him on a warrant which his mother, Mrs. Parmelee, of No. 25 East Twenty-first street, had procured on a charge of insanity. He was committed to Bellevue Hospital.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.
If you should happen to lose something, and want it back, put a "want" in the Journal. It will attract the attention of the finder every time. The cost is 30 cents for 10 words.

WOLFVILLE - GOLD-GOLD-GOLD - BALLOON.



Alfred Henry Lewis, He Says —
"One time I recalls as how a wagon-train, with households of folks in it, camps two or three days where Mace is Sheriff. These yere people's headin' for some'ers down on the Rio Grande, alim' to settle a whole lot. Mebbe it's the third mornin' along of sun-up when they strings out on the trail, an' we'lls thinks no more of 'em. It's gettin' about third-drink time when back rides a gent, sorter fretful like, an' allows he's done shy a boy.
"When do you-all see this yere infant last?" says Mace.
"Why," says the gent, "I shorely has him yesterday, 'cause my old woman done rounds 'em up an' counts.
"What time is that yesterday?"
"Bout first-drink time," says the

Gold Untold, Yet None May Touch It.
There is gold in this island peak which, if the Government were but to begin to draw upon it, would pay off the national debt in a trice, buy all the railroads and telegraph lines, build new navies to outdo the world, and equip myriad regiments of fighting men.
The Government's surveyors and other men who have invaded the Isles of the — have brought back word that this mountain is without question the richest piece of earth the bright sun ever shone on.
But no American, however clear he prove his title to citizenship, dare strike one blow of a pick into those gold-ribbed crags, nor dip his pan into the bright streams which run thence to the northern sea.
It was years ago, early in the



A Disastrous Aeronautic Expedition.
"At last the lashings were secured to the last bolt, and the balloon swung some two metres from the ground. I helped Strindberg to fix the pigeon cages above the car, where also the food supply is stored. The cook carefully stowed in a small barrel the dinner which would be the first to be eaten aloft. Frankel brought up a few glasses of beer for immediate use. The car was quickly put in order, superfluous ballast bags were severed from their fastenings, several of them being placed in the car for preliminary use. From the west side of the balloon waved the Swedish colors, and beside them a white silk flag, adorned with a blue anchor, the happily conceived, and it may be hoped luck bringing, sign of a woman. Immediately under

